WEB OF HORROR

america's nightmare magazine

APRIL 35c A

CURSE of the YETI

WRIGHTSON

WEIRD ILLUSTRATED TERROR

WELCOME, WEIRDOS!! JOIN ME FOR A TOUR OF WEB OF-HORROR HEADQUARTERS!
HERE IN THESE PLEASANT OFFICES, WE WORK CHEERFULLY TO PROVIDE YOU WITH THE NIGHTMARES YOU NEED!
OUR STAFF OF HIGHLY-PAID WRITERS HAS BEEN ASSEMBLED FROM ALL UNDER THE WORLD!
POE
THE ARTISTS AND THE EDITOR WORK CREATIVELY TOGETHER, IN AN ATMOSPERE OF MUTUAL RESPECT!
EDITOR
HERE'S OUR CONTEST JUDGE, EXAMINING YOUR ENTRIES WITH THE UTMOST CARE!
WEB OF HORROR
ART CONTEST
SSHHH! DON'T DISTURB OUR COVER ARTIST!!, HE'S HARD AT WORK ON THE NEXT ISSUE!..
...MEANWHILE, ENJOY THIS ONE, AND... SWEET DREAMS!
ZZZZ
BRUNNER
69

WEB OF HORROR

America's NIGHTMARE Magazine

Publisher:
Robert C. Sproul
Editor:
Terry Bisson
Art Director:
Charles Moll
Production Director
Charles Foster
Cover by
Berni Wrightson

April 1970

Number 3

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ARTISTS: Frank Brunner, Bruce Jones, Mike Kaluta, Ralph Reese, Syd Shores, Berni Wrightson

WRITERS: Otto Binder, Frank Brunner, Mike Friedrich, Bruce Jones, Syd Shores

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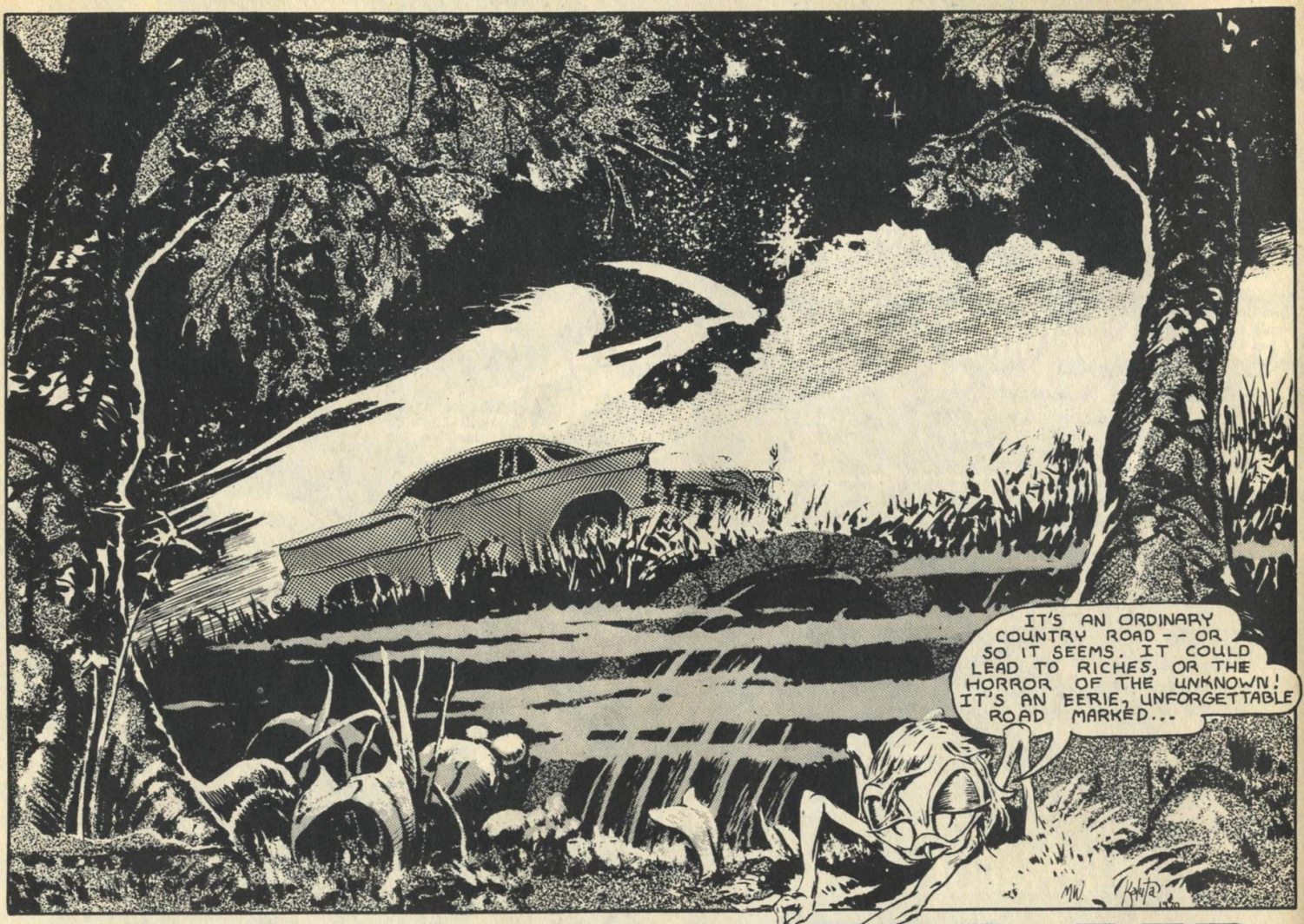
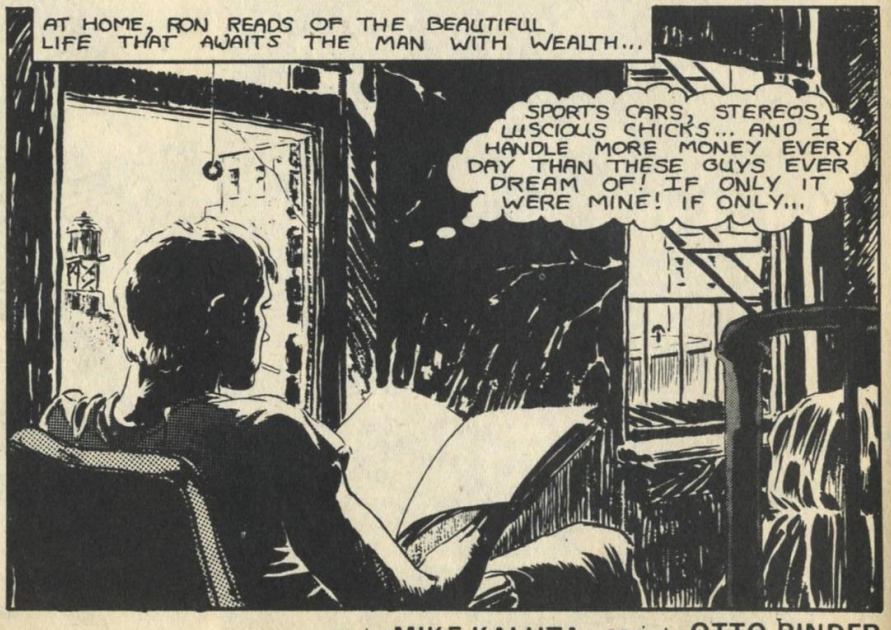
No. 3



DEAD END



art: **MIKE KALUTA** script: **OTTO BINDER**

BUT I'D GET CAUGHT! I'D NEVER GET AWAY WITH IT! GUESS I'LL BE A LOUSY ARMORED CAR DRIVER FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE!
THEN, ONE EVENING, WHEN RON IS TAKING A DRIVE IN THE COUNTRY TO COOL THE LONGING IN HIS BLOOD...
WHAT'S THIS OLD BRIDGE? I'VE DRIVEN PAST HERE PLENTY OF TIMES BUT I'VE NEVER SEEN THIS ROAD BEFORE! WONDER WHERE IT GOES?
WITH HIS CURIOSITY WAXING STRONG, RON HEADS DOWN THE STRANGE ROAD, BUT HE DOESN'T SEE A CERTAIN FADED ROADSIGN...
DEAD END
WHAT A WEIRD OLD ROAD! MISTS ALL AROUND, AS IF IT LEADS THROUGH A SWAMP!
THE WRITHING MISTS SEEM TO FORM MOCKING FACES, AND SHAPES THAT LURK, WAITING...
I CAN HARDLY SEE ANYTHING! I WISH IT WOULD CLEAR UP! CAN'T EVEN GET ANYTHING ON THE RADIO!
SUDDENLY THE MISTS CLEAR, REVEALING SOMETHING THAT MAKES RON'S HEART QUICKEN WITH PECULIAR DREAD!
1973
HUH? HOW CAN THEY BE ADVERTISING A 1973 CAR, THREE YEARS AHEAD OF TIME? WHAT A CRAZY BILLBOARD! UNLESS... UNLESS...

ANOTHER BILLBOARD APPEARS THROUGH THE SWIRLING MISTS AHEAD, AND RON JAMS ON THE BRAKES...

Frigidaire for 1975

UNLESS THIS ROAD LEADS INTO THE FUTURE! THAT MUST BE IT, SOMEHOW I'VE GONE SEVERAL YEARS AHEAD IN TIME! I'LL TURN AROUND AND GO BACK... GOT TO THINK THIS OVER...

BACK AT THE OLD BRIDGE, RON LINGERS OVER AN EXCITING THOUGHT, A MAGNIFICENT THOUGHT...

THAT ROAD INTO THE FUTURE CAN MAKE MY DREAMS COME TRUE!

I'LL PULL THE PERFECT CRIME AND BE RICH FOR LIFE... YES, THE *PERFECT CRIME!*

THE NEXT DAY, AT THE BANK, RON BEGINS HIS MASTER PLAN...

YOU AND BLAKE BE CAREFUL, CARLSON, YOU'VE GOT OVER A MILLION DOLLARS HERE!

DON'T WORRY! WE'LL HAVE THE SHIPMENT AT THE OAKDALE BRANCH BY NOON.

BY NOON I'LL BE IN 1980 — A MILLIONAIRE!

AS SOON AS THE TRUCK REACHES THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY...

I'M TAKING OVER, CARLSON! DON'T MAKE ME USE THIS GUN!

WHAT THE...?

AS RON GRABS FOR THE STEERING WHEEL, CARLSON MAKES A GO FOR HIS GUN, AND...

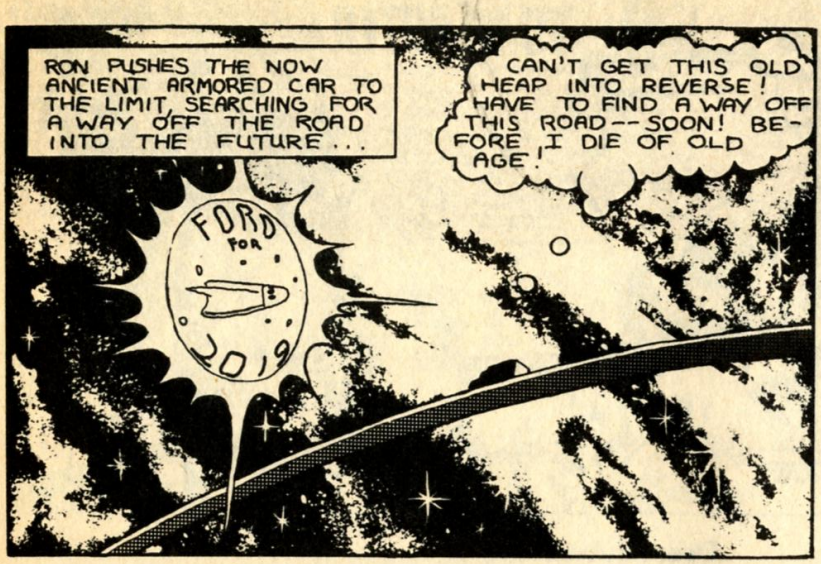
ARUGH!

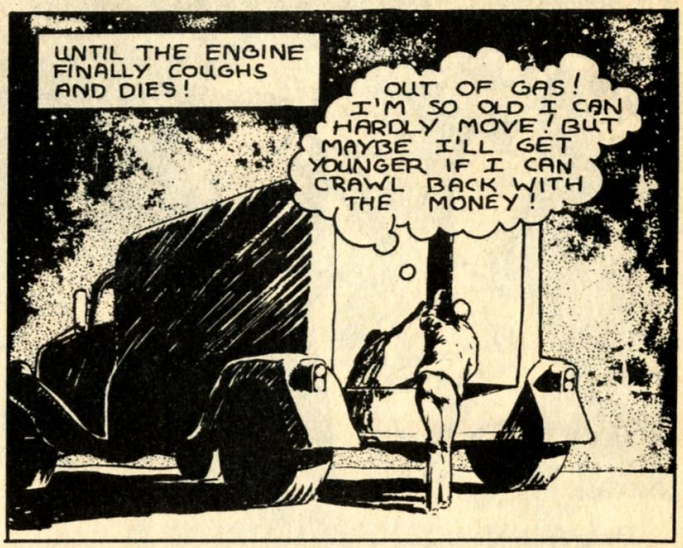
BLAM!

NOW I'M A MURDERER! THERE'S NO TURNING BACK!

UH-OH! THE COPS! THE SHOT SET OFF THE RADIO-ALARM! I'VE GOT TO FIND THE ROAD... FAST!
HERE'S THE TURN! I'LL JUST HAVE TO PRAY THEY MISS IT!
STAR SECURITY
THEY DID! I'M SAFE! I'M A MILLIONAIRE!
I WONDER HOW FAR I CAN GO? I HAD JUST PLANNED TO GO SEVEN YEARS, TO 1977...
BUT THERE'S NO STATUTE OF LIMITATIONS ON MURDER! MAYBE I SHOULD GO FURTHER INTO THE FUTURE TO MAKE SURE THE CRIME IS FORGOTTEN!

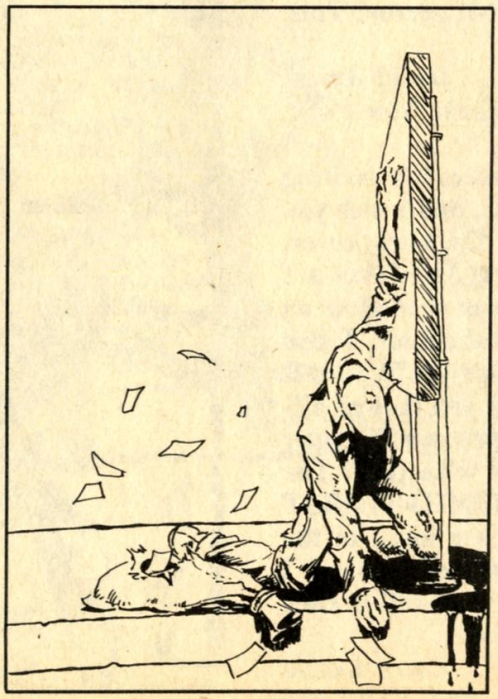
AS RON DRIVES THE STOLEN TRUCK DEEPER AN DEEPER INTO THE MYSTERIOUS FUTURE, YEARS PASS LIKE MINUTES ...
Register for 1975
THIS IS AS FAR AS I WENT BEFORE... AHEAD LIES— THE UNKNOWN!
TO VOTE
MOVE
AH! 1982! THIS SHOULD BE FAR ENOUGH-- BUT THERE'S NO TURN-OFF! I'LL JUST HAVE TO KEEP GOING UNTIL I FIND ONE...
ON AND ON RON DRIVES, FOR HOURS, YEARS, DECADES!
BECOME A HOME OWNER 1997
1997! I'VE GOT TO GET OFF THIS ROAD! BUT THERE'S NO PLACE TO TURN AROUND! MAYBE I SHOULD STOP AND GET RID OF CARLSON'S BODY— GOOD LORD!
H-HE'S NOTHING BUT BONES! AND I--
I'M AGEING AS I GO INTO THE FUTURE! I'M ALMOST SIXTY YEARS OLD!

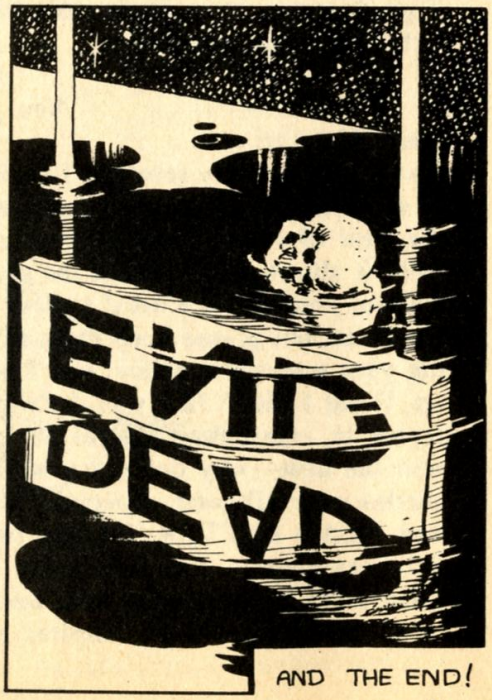

RON PUSHES THE NOW ANCIENT ARMORED CAR TO THE LIMIT, SEARCHING FOR A WAY OFF THE ROAD INTO THE FUTURE...
CAN'T GET THIS OLD HEAP INTO REVERSE! HAVE TO FIND A WAY OFF THIS ROAD--SOON! BEFORE I DIE OF OLD AGE!
FORD
2019

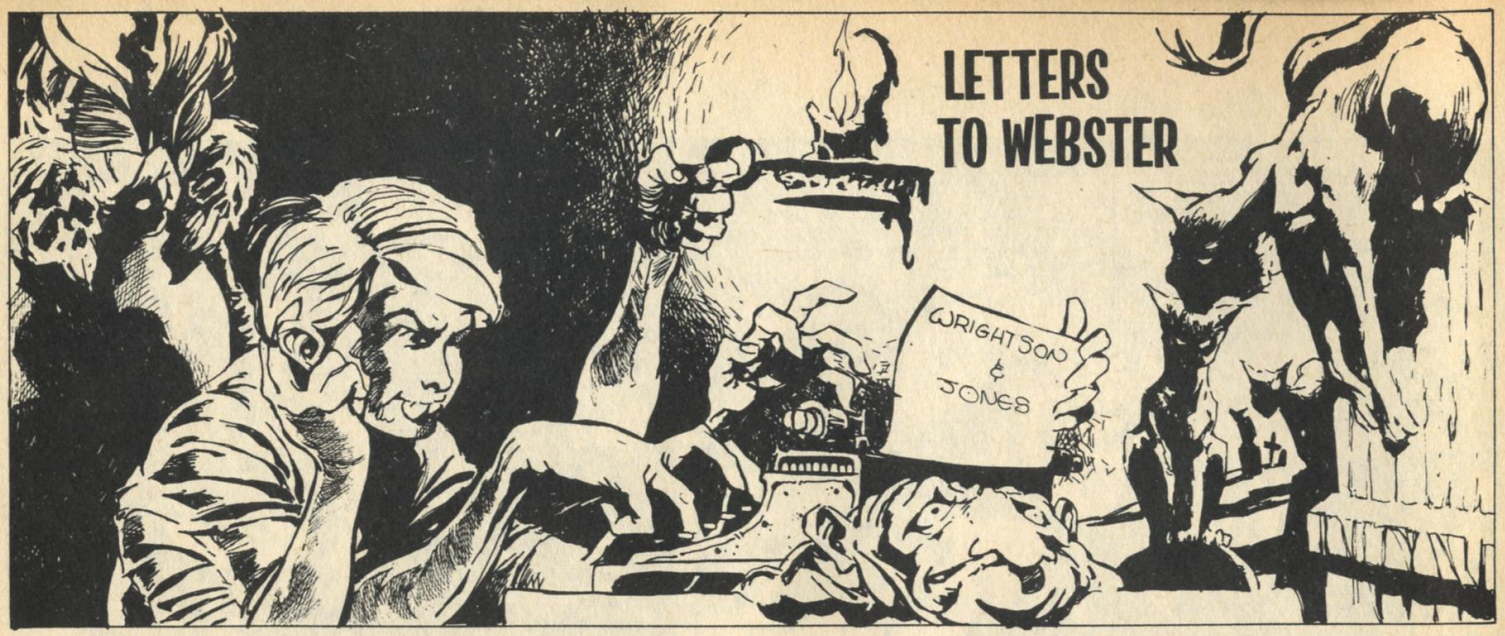

UNTIL THE ENGINE FINALLY COUGHS AND DIES!
OUT OF GAS! I'M SO OLD I CAN HARDLY MOVE! BUT MAYBE I'LL GET YOUNGER IF I CAN CRAWL BACK WITH THE MONEY!

BUT WAIT! THERE'S SOMETHING UP AHEAD! I CAN BARELY SEE, BUT MAYBE IT'S A CROSS-ROADS! IF I CAN MAKE IT...

WITH HIS LAST REMAINING STRENGTH, RON DRAGS THE MOULDERING SACKS TOWARD THE BECKONING, ELUSIVE FORM AHEAD...
GETTING WEAKER... ONLY A FEW MORE YARDS... IT LOOKS LIKE A ROAD SIGN... OH NO! IT'S A...




EVIL
DEAD
AND THE END!



Dear Webster:
You're off to a pretty good start. I hope you can keep it up without using reprints or raising the price of the mag. Some of your artists are really tops, such as Berni Wrightson and Ralph Reese. The cover was pretty good, although I've seen better by Jones. I like the extra cover on the back. I also like the comic artist contest. Is it on the level? The only story I didn't like was SKIN-EATERS. Was it supposed to be thought-provoking? It just put me to sleep. I like the idea of short, three or four-page stories, though. Try again. GROWTH had a great script, and the art matched it perfectly. BLOOD THIRST wasn't so hot. We can get vampires on TV, so let us have something *really* horrible! THE GAME THAT PLAYS YOU was a good idea, and I liked the EC type ending. DEAD LETTER was the best in the mag, but who wrote it? I recognize Donald Norman's art. ISLAND OF THE WALKING DEAD was kid-stuff, but there were a couple of good panels. How about some sci-fi horror? This is the space age, you know!

David Ansen
New York, New York

Dear Webster:
Thanks for a really revolting first issue. It's exciting to see a new horror mag on the scene, and I wish you the best of luck. I especially dig the back cover, since it allows me to collect the *great* Jeff Jones art without your *stupid* blurbs! I guess you need them on the front, but please keep them off the back. I also dig your no-reprint policy, and I hope you'll keep it up. What I didn't like was the way you looked different in every story. Berni Wrightson's Webster was the best—why don't you stick with that? The stories were all good, especially BLOOD-THIRST and DEAD LETTER. I'd like to see more of the Brothers Ussher. Are they going to be regulars? I think there ought to be at least one werewolf in each issue. Let's have lots of vampires, too!

Larry Laszlo
Mendocino, California

Dear Webster:
Congratulations on an *almost-great* first issue! I say almost great, because you goofed in a couple of spots. Like, who wrote the script for DEAD LETTER? I think I recognize the artist as Donald Norman—who did a beautiful job—but I'd like to know who wrote the story, since I think it's the best in the issue. I also liked GROWTH. The SKIN EATERS was great, but it should have been longer. ISLAND OF THE WALKING DEAD should have been shorter—like eleven pages shorter! The story was pretty good but the art looked rushed. BLOOD THIRST was corny, but Syd Shores saved it. I think vampires, werewolves and zombies are corny, and I'd like to see more science fiction. All in all, though, it was a good issue for a first try. I'll be waiting for number two!

Dave Parman
Bloomington, Indiana

(Continued on page 28)

art: **RALPH REESE** script: **OTTO BINDER**

BUT BEFORE JIM LARCH, THE HIRED GUIDE, CAN SHOOT...
NO, LARCH! IT WOULD BE MURDER!
URUK! AD MULG!
HUH? MURDER BUT THAT CREATURE AIN'T HUMAN! IT'S DANGEROUS!
DID YOU HEAR THOSE SOUNDS HE MADE? ALMOST AS IF IT WERE TRYING TO TALK!
HE'S AT LEAST SEMI-HUMAN! WE CAN'T SHOOT HIM DOWN IN COLD BLOOD!
BAH! YOU SCIENTISTS SURE GET QUEER IDEAS!
BUT LARCH HAD HEARD OF ANTHROPOLOGISTS WHO WERE NOT SO SQUEAMISH...
I CAN GET PLENTY FOR A SPECIMEN OF THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN, DEAD OR ALIVE! THESE PRISSY DO-GOODERS AINT GONNA STAND BETWEEN ME AND A PILE OF MONEY!
THAT NIGHT, AS THE CAMPFIRE DIED DOWN...
NOW'S MY CHANCE TO SKIP AND HUNT THAT BEAST ON MY OWN! WHAT THESE BIRDS PAY ME IS PEANUTS COMPARED TO WHAT I COULD GET FOR THAT PELT!
...EASY TO FOLLOW THE FOOTPRINTS IN THE MOONLIGHT! I CAN TRACK HIM JUST LIKE A BEAR!
FOR HOURS, DRIVEN BY GREED, JIM LARCH FOLLOWED THE TRAIL. UNTIL...
THERE HE IS! ...MUST HAVE STOPPED TO SLEEP! KIND OF A LONG SHOT, BUT I'LL TRY IT!

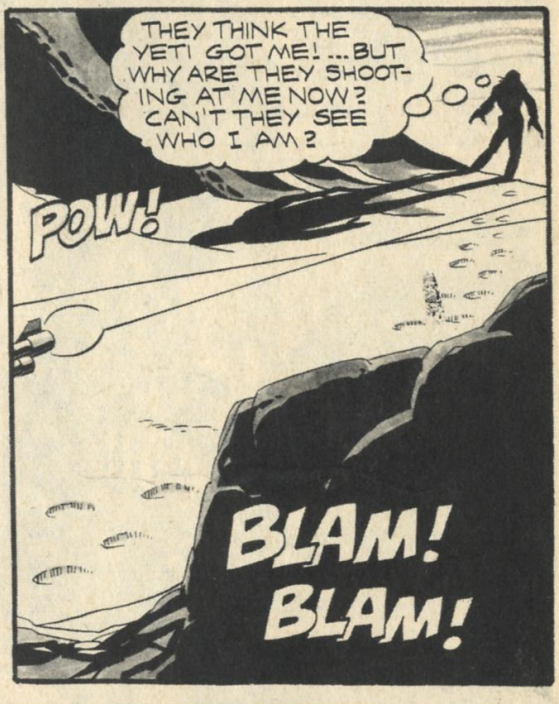
POW!
MISSED! AND WHAT A LEAP HE'S MAKING! TWICE AS FAR AS A MAN COULD! HE'LL BE TOUGH...
IF I... (PANT!) CROSS THIS RIDGE AND TAKE A SHORT CUT, I CAN CUT HIM OFF (PUFF!)
LATER, WAITING IN AMBUSH, THE GUNMAN IS READY WHEN...
AARGHH!
UNGARK GEB...
GOT HIM!
POW!
AH! HERE HE COMES! NOW TO GET A GOOD BEAD AND...
YIPES! HE'S STILL GOT THE STRENGTH TO HURL THAT BIG BOULDER AT ME!
WHAM!

GONE! BAD LEG AND ALL! BUT I CAN FOLLOW THESE BLOODY FOOT-PRINTS WITH EASE!
A GRUELING GAME OF HUNTER AND HUNTED... THE HOURS PASS AND DAWN APPROACHES AS...
THERE HE IS! BUT WHAT IS THE PLACE HE'S HIDING IN? IT LOOKS ALMOST... MAN-MADE!
BLAM! BLAM!
YOU CAN'T ESCAPE NOW! GOT YOU!
REGMAN ORD!... GHAAA!

WONDER WHY HE RAN HERE? THAT'S AN OLD ALTAR STONE! AND I'VE NEVER SEEN WRITING LIKE THAT BEFORE...
MAYBE THIS PLACE IS WORTH MONEY, TOO! THANKS PAL...
WH...WHAT'S THAT SPOT-LIGHT?
SUDDENLY, AN EERIE LIGHT PLAYS OVER THE DEAD CREATURE, AND ECHOES OF MAGICAL THINGS SEEM TO WHISPER IN THE AIR...
OH, IT'S ONLY THE RISING SUN SHINING THROUGH A HOLE IN ONE OF THOSE ANCIENT STONES! WAIT... THAT WRITING...
WHAT'S HAPPENED? ALL OF A SUDDEN I CAN READ IT!
WHOSO KILLS WITHIN THE SACRED CIRCLE SHALL BEAR THE CURSE OF THE ETERNAL SNOWS
OH WELL, I'VE GOT NO TIME FOR CURSES... EVEN IF I CAN READ THEM!
... NOW TO HIDE HIS BODY WHERE THE SNOW WILL KEEP IT FRESH! HE'S NOT SO HEAVY AS I THOUGHT HE'D BE... OR MAYBE I DON'T KNOW MY OWN STRENGTH!

A... A BULLET! WHO'S SHOOTING AT ME?
POW!
KA-PWEENG!

SHOOT THAT DARK FIGURE IN THERE! IT MUST BE THE YETI THAT KIDNAPPED LARCH!
...GUESS LARCH WAS RIGHT! IT'S A DANGEROUS BEAST!
POW!
POW!


THEY THINK THE YETI GOT ME! ...BUT WHY ARE THEY SHOOTING AT ME NOW? CAN'T THEY SEE WHO I AM?
POW!
BLAM!
BLAM!

I'LL YELL AND LET THEM KNOW I'M NOT THE YETI!...ULPS, WHAT'S WRONG WITH MY VOICE? NO W...WORDS ARE COMING OUT!
URUK! AD MULGHU!
VIP!
VIP!

WH...WHAT'S WRONG WITH MY HANDS?

...AND MY F...FEET?!

THAT INSCRIPTION... IT WAS TRUE! THE CURSE HAS TURNED ME INTO A YETI!... AN ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN!
MY YETI TONGUE CAN'T TALK... CAN'T TELL THEM WHO I AM...
AARGH!
POW!
POW! POW
GOT HIM!
IT MUST HAVE KILLED HIM! IT'S WEARING HIS WATCH!... AND THERE'S HIS GUN!
THERE'S ANOTHER DEAD ONE OVER THERE! IT'S BEEN SHOT!
BUT LARCH'S BODY IS NOWHERE AROUND! STRANGE...
THIS IS EVEN STRANGER, BILL! LOOK! THIS INSCRIPTION IS IN ENGLISH! I CAN READ IT...!
READ ON, GENTLEMEN! YOU'LL FIND THE INSCRIPTION A TALE WITH A MOST SURPRISING ENDING!

FRANK BRUNNER

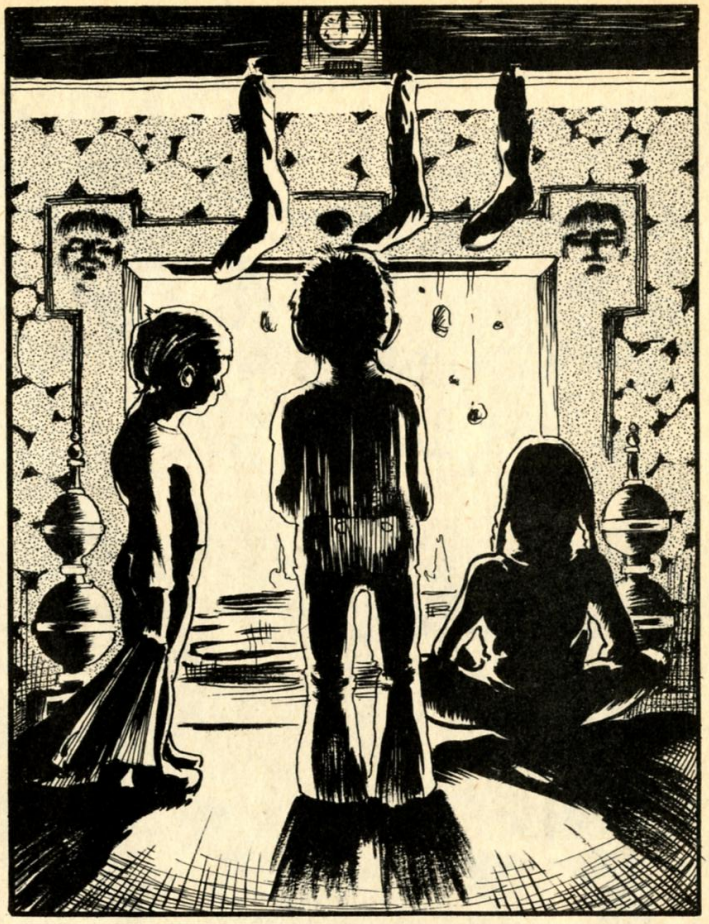
THE PEASANT TURNS, STARTLED BY THE COMMANDING TONE OF THE STRANGER!
WHAT DO YOU WANT ??
A PLACE TO SHELTER MYSELF!!
YOU COULD TRY OVER AT THE INN!.. BUT IT IS LATE!!
TURNING QUICKLY, THE MAN HEADS FOR THE INN!, WITHOUT SO MUCH AS A "THANK YOU!"
BAM! BAM!
ALRIGHT ALRIGHT, I'M COMING, WHO IS IT ??
I AM A STRANGER IN TOWN, AND I NEED A PLACE TO STAY!
WHY IT'S NEARLY FOUR IN THE MORNING!..
I DON'T CARE YOU FOOL!, JUST LET ME IN QUICKLY!
IT'LL BE..ER..FIVE MARKS A NIGHT.. IN ADVANCE!
VERY GOOD!.. MY LUGGAGE WILL BE HERE SHORTLY!
THE VERY NEXT NIGHT!..

TWO WEEKS PASS.... TWO WEEKS OF HORROR THAT SHOCK THE SLEEPY VILLAGE !!..
IT'S NOT GOOD, THESE UNSOLVED MURDERS! THE PEOPLE ARE STAY--ING IN DOORS AND I AM UNABLE TO FIND THE KILLER!
YES, BÜRGERMEISTER, I'M AFRAID IT'S GOING SPOIL THE HOLIDAYS TOO!
ILL HAVE TO QUESTION EVERYONE, I CAN'T AFFORD TO TAKE CHANCES....
YOU'RE RIGHT, OF COURSE, BUT PERHAPS YOU SHOULD QUESTION JUST ONE PERSON!
WHO DO YOU MEAN?
I MEAN THAT STRANGER WHO ARRIVED TWO WEEKS AGO!, HE HASN'T BEEN SEEN YET....IN THE DAYLIGHT!
YES I'D LIKE TO QUESTION THIS.. ...THIS COUNT.. "ALFONSE"!
.. OH HE'S NEVER AWAKE AT THIS TIME OF DAY!.., HE'S AN INSOMNIAC, YOU KNOW... WRITES AND READS AT NIGHT!
.. I DON'T CARE!, I WANT TO SEE HIM RIGHT NOW!!
ALRIGHT, COME THIS WAY!

THE INNKEEPER KNOCKS, BUT GETTING NO REPLY, HE USES HIS PASS-KEY AND BOTH ARE STARTLED BY WHAT THEY FIND !!...
NOTHING!!.. THERE IS NO ONE HERE, IS THIS SOME SORT OF JOKE!??
NO NO!... HE IS SUPPOSED TO BE HERE!
WELL, I'LL CATCH HIM YET!.... YOU LET ME KNOW IF HE TRIES TO LEAVE..... OR ENTER!
YES, YES SIR!
LATER, DEEP UNDER THE INN!!...
DON'T WORRY, COUNT, I SENT HIM AWAY, HE WON'T BOTHER YOU ANY-MORE! NOR WILL HE FIND YOUR RESTING PLACE DOWN HERE!
SOON NO ONE IS VENTURING OUT IN-TO THE STREET AT NIGHT! AND THE COUNT'S HUNGER FOR BLOOD GROWS!.....
THE TOWN IS WISE!! THEY WON'T GO OUT AND I HAVE NO WAY OF ENTERING THEIR HOMES! BUT I MUST HAVE WHAT I NEED !!

CHRISTMAS ARRIVES AND DESPITE THE CURFEW AND THE TOWN'S FEAR, THE FESTIVITIES PROCEED!
MEANWHILE, BELOW THE TAVERN, COUNT ALFONSE IS GETTING MORE AND MORE DESPERATE!!...
MASTER, I CAN-NOT CONTINUE TO LURE PEOPLE TO THE INN ANYMORE!..
YOU FOOL! I MAY YET HAVE TO RESORT TO...YOU!!
....OH NO...NO MASTER!..PLEASE! BESIDES THEY'D MISS ME AND BECOME SUSPICIOUS WITH CHRISTMAS HERE AND...
WHAT ??..WHAT DID YOU SAY??....
CHRISTMAS, MASTER!, YOU KNOW, SANTA-CLAUS AND....
SHUT UP!! I THINK IM GETTING A PLAN!!
CHRISTMAS EVE, AND THE TOWNSPEOPLE GET TO BED EARLY IN THE EXPECTATION OF A JOYFUL CHRISTMAS MORNING....

...BUT A FEW LITTLE PEOPLE CAN'T WAIT, AND HOPE TO SEE A CERTAIN VISITOR!



SUDDENLY ALL THEIR DREAMS BECOME REALITY, AS TWO FAMILIAR BOOTS APPEAR!

...AND WHAT ARE YOU THREE LITTLE ONES DOING UP SO LATE ??

JUST THEN ANOTHER FIGURE APPEARS FROM THE FIREPLACE !, THE SURPRISED "COUNT ALFONSE" TURNS....
WHAT?
ARRRGH!

NEXT MORNING, TWO PARENTS ARE SHOCKED TO SEE THEIR CHILDREN FAST ASLEEP ON THE FLOOR!...

...BUT NO EXPLANATION COULD BE GOTTEN FROM THE CHILDREN, JUST A STRANGE GIFT IN ONE OF THE STOCKINGS !!...
...AND TO ALL, A GOOD NIGHT!
FINIS

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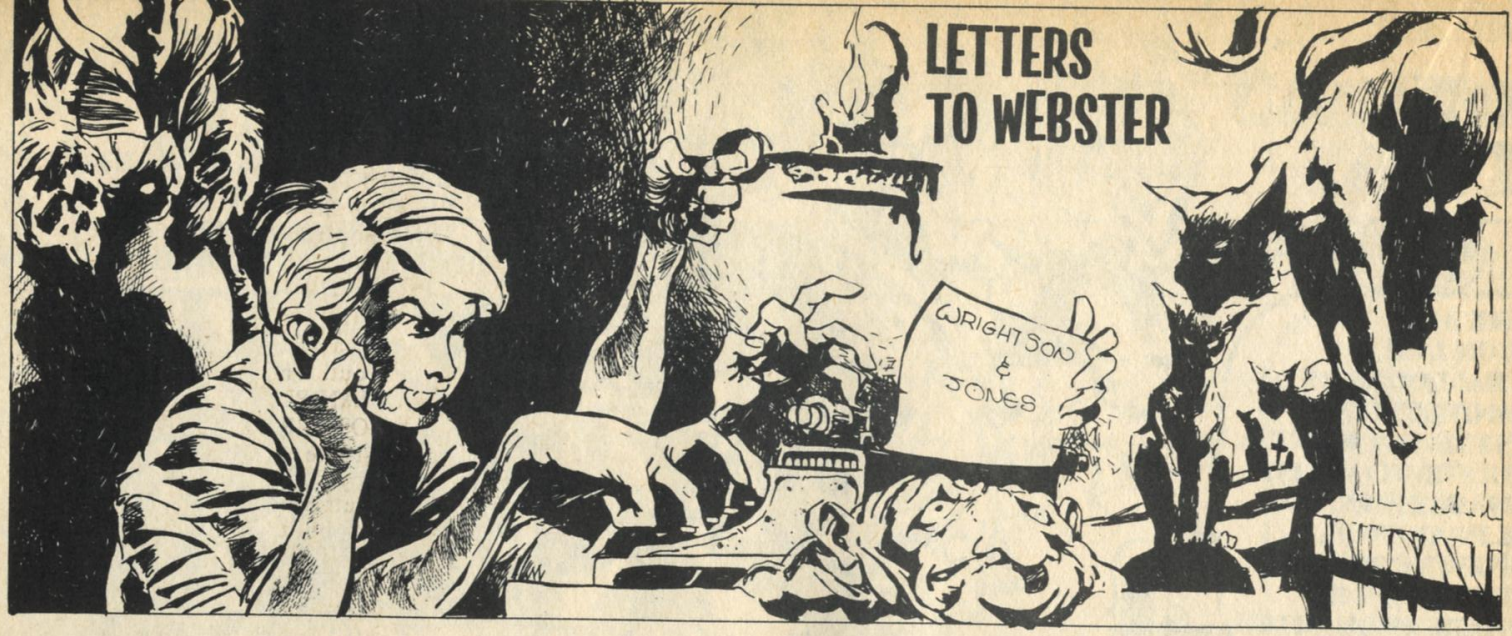
WHAT HORROR HAVE WE CREATED?
YOU DECIDE AS YOU COLLABORATE WITH COMIC ARTIST BERNI WRIGHTSON ON THIS WEB OF HORROR CONTEST CENTERFOLD!
FINISH THE ART IN PENCIL OR INK! PASTE OVER THE BALLOONS AND LEGEND PANEL AND LETTER IN YOUR OWN SCRIPT! SEND YOUR ENTRY TO WEB OF HORROR COMIC ARTIST CONTEST, MAJOR MAGAZINES, INC., 108 SO. FRANKLIN AVENUE, VALLEY STREAM, NEW YORK 11580! SORRY, NO ENTRIES CAN BE RETURNED! VOID WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW!
ENTRIES WILL BE JUDGED ON SKILL AND IMAGINATION! PRIZEWINNING ART WILL BE PUBLISHED IN WEB OF HORROR! AND THE BIG FIRST PRIZE IS A FULL PAGE STORY ASSIGNMENT AT PROFESSIONAL RATES FOR YOUR BEGINNING AS A COMIC ARTIST!
WRIGHTSON '69



WEB OF HORROR #2 was *great*, starting with the Jeff Jones cover. The best story was MAN-PLANT FROM THE TOMB, and Reese's art made it a masterpiece (especially that skeleton guy!). MOTHER TOAD and SEA OF GRAVES weren't bad. ASHES TO ASHES wasn't the best, mainly because the plot was dead. Wrightson's art in BREATHLESS was good, and the script by Marvin Wolfman was *too much!*

Kevin Schaffer
Madison, Wis.

Dear Webster:
Thank you, thank you, thank you! WEB is just the remedy for those "reprint blues." Art is your strongest point. Reese, my favorite artist in WEB #1, has a style reminiscent of both Gil Kane and Tom Sutton. Berni Wrightson could easily be another Frazetta, and it was good to see Wayne Howard again.

Bob Strauss
St. Petersburg, Fla.

I want to be the first to congratulate you on an excellent 2nd issue! Jeff Jones is my favorite artist; I liked his cover better this time. MOTHER TOAD was absolutely fantastic and Bernie Wrightson is marvelous! This was the best art in the issue, also the best story and plot. ASHES TO ASHES was fair, though I was disappointed in Roger Brand's art. SEA OF GRAVES was excellent! Mike Kaluta's art and Otto Binder's script formed a masterpiece. I loved the ending. BREATHLESS was a masterpiece—the first panel on page 31 was breathtaking! THE UNMASKING wasn't very good compared to the others. MAN-PLANT FROM THE TOMB was utterly fantastic. Ralph Reese, Jeff Jones, Berni Wrightson and Wayne Howard are your best artists.

Alan Upchurch
Durham, N.C.

Now that you've made it past the crucial issue, I offer you my sincere congratulations. Please keep those untitled, beautiful back covers. With the great interior art of the very successful Berni Wrightson (—been with you since Larry Ives' MONSTERS & HEROES, man!) I don't see how you can go wrong.

Dave Puckett
Cave City, Ky.

Your first issue was great, but your second issue was fantastic. MOTHER TOAD had a pretty good ending. ASHES TO ASHES was great. SEA OF GRAVES was boring. BREATHLESS was the best story in mag. THE UNMASKING wasn't so hot. Vampires, mummies, witches, etc. are getting boring already. MAN-PLANT FROM THE TOMB was sick. It had no ending. I think you have a great mag.

Richard Rosen
Flushing, N.Y.

Reese, Wrightson and Howard are my favorite artists. The best story in your first issue was THE SKIN-EATERS. I liked the way the ending threw us off with the helicopter in the last panel on page 37.

Ronald Miles
Chicago, Ill.

Please have the Brothers Ussher return from time to time. The best story in WEB #1 was GROWTH. The idea of a man becoming a world for micro-civilizations is unique. The worst story was THE SKIN-EATERS because it had a totally predictable ending. Also, you gave too many hints that there had been some sort of war.

Phillip Porter
Toronto, Ontario

When I first saw WEB OF HORROR I thought it was just another one of those crummy reprint mags that keep popping up. Then I noticed the art on the cover. No crummy reprint mag ever had a cover like that! I heard Jones was good, but I didn't know he was this good! You have the best horror mag going. Let's keep it that way!

Paul Dundatscheck
Hillsdale, N.J.

Thank you for a magazine that graphically tells tales of terror that have not been told before. In other words, cheers to the no reprint policy—may it last forever! Jeff Jones' cover was terrific. Keep Wrightson and Reese by all means. These two artists are the best in the magazine. Syd Shores is in no way bad, however, and should be kept at all costs. THE SKIN-EATERS ranks as the best story in WEB #1, and deserved the excellent presentation it got from Ralph Reese and Jeff Jones. Well done!

David Lewton
Indianapolis, Ind.

I am very glad to see Mr. Wrightson and Mr. Reese on your staff. I think they are both great artists. I guess the three best stories were: (1) GROWTH (2) THE GAME THAT PLAYS YOU (3) THE SKIN-EATERS.

Mike Stelk
Riverside, Calif.

Congratulations! Your magazine is just what I was looking for. I was sick and tired of going to the newsstands and seeing so-called horror magazines reprinting garbage. Then I saw your mag and the cover hit me like a hammer. Long have I hunted for J. Jones art. Now I have finally found it, and with a double cover bonus, too! I loved Berni Wrightson's work from the moment I saw it in a comic a short while back. Ralph Reese looks like he's going to be great, too.

Randy Myers
Jacksonville, Fla.

Jeff Jones is truly one of the greatest cover artists since Frank Frazetta. My favorite artists in WEB #1 were Reese, Jones and Wayne Howard. Get rid of Donald Norman and Syd Shores. In their place bring in such greats as Winning Wally Wood, Darling Dan Adkins, Jaunty Jim Steranko, Rascal Reed Crandall, and last but not least, Tough Tom Sutton.

Donald Wong
Hull, Quebec

GROWTH was excellent, and Howard's art reminds me of Wally Wood's; keep him busy with scripts to draw! BLOOD THIRST was good. THE GAME THAT PLAYS YOU was a new version of an old idea. Wrightson is a great artist, too.

David Billman
Norton, Ohio

Earlier this evening, when I was purchasing some comics, I noticed a new horror mag on the stands. At first I thought it was just a piece of tasteless crud—but upon seeing the Jones cover I knew, to my joy, that it wasn't! I immediately bought it, and now I am reluctantly putting it down to write this letter. It was superb! Ralph Reese is your best artist, followed by Jones and Wrightson. His style is like Kane's when it's inked by Wood. Very realistic.

Mark Petach
Palm Springs, Calif.

I expected WEB to be another gruesome, reprint-from-the-fifties mag, but the Jeff Jones gem on the cover proved me wrong. Then you have the popular Berni Wrightson, Wayne Howard (a good imitation of Wally Wood's old style, but not as good as Wood himself), Syd Shores (not bad; possibly a little too bloody), Donald Norman (competent, though not dynamic) and Ralph Reese (very good—looks just like Wood-Kane!). GROWTH was a fascinating concept. BLOOD THIRST—first sympathetic vampire, very *human* in a morbid way! THE GAME THAT PLAYS YOU was also very good—particularly the top panels of the last page. Hoo boy! DEAD LETTER was a bit obvious, but there was something touching about that note! THE SKIN-EATERS—why so short? Excellent! Stunning doomsday atmosphere! Moral implications frightening! ISLAND OF THE WALKING DEAD—say, what *is* this, a supernatural series with these two guys as wandering heroes? Can't say I loved the story, but the idea of a horror tale without the traditional "grim twist" ending is refreshing!

Doug Smith

Congratulations! You are doing a *bloody* good job. My favorite story in your first issue was THE SKIN-EATERS. My compliments to Ralph Reese and Terry Bisson on a job well done. The second prize goes the GROWTH. Like, man, that's something else! The art work was absolutely fab! The third prize goes to ISLAND OF THE WALKING DEAD. Once again, my compliments to Donald Norman and Clark Dimond.

F.A. Vazguez

It appears as though Wayne Howard has been influenced by Wallace Wood. However, Howard is a poor draughtsman and I suggest you drop him. Berni Wrightson has a great future as a fantasy artist. Syd Shores' artwork was fine, as usual. I'm not too familiar with Donald Norman, but his work is good, although sketchy. By far the best story was THE SKIN-EATERS. Terry Bisson did a beautiful scripting job, and Ralph Reese is already shining as WEB's star artist.

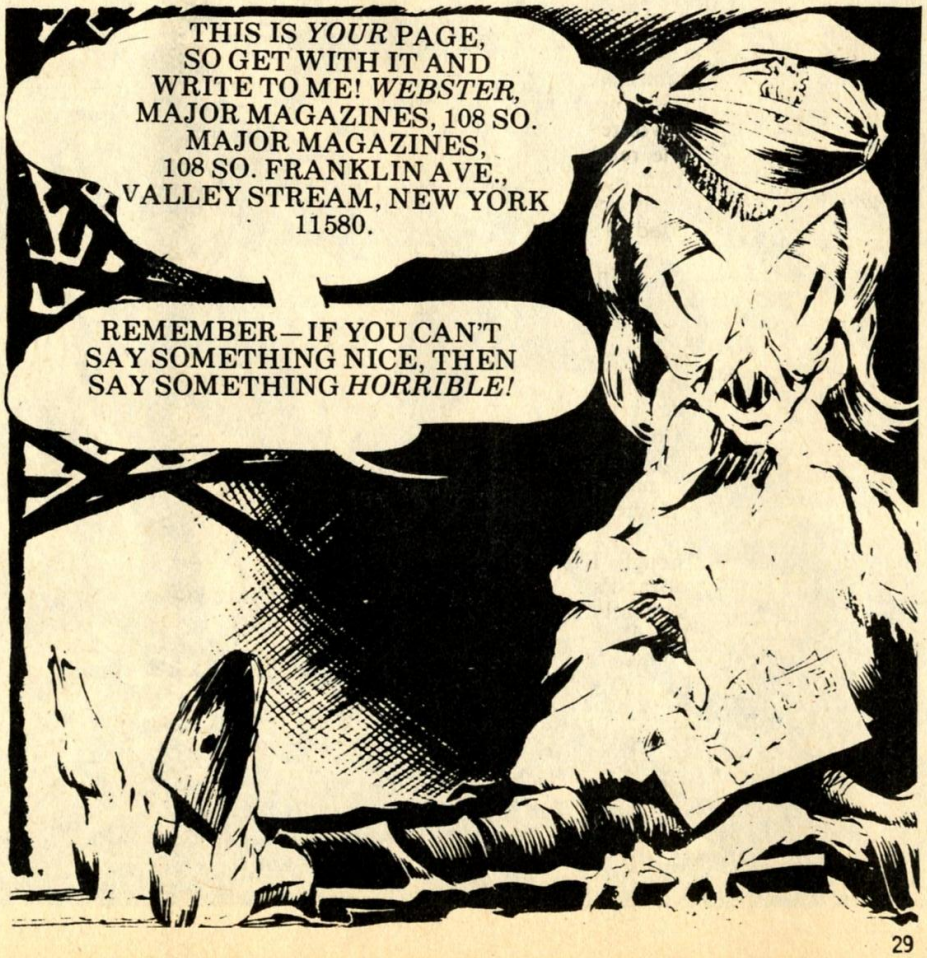
Dave Hogan
Lakewood, Ohio

Your first issue was FANTASTIC. A true collectors' item. Best, of course, was GROWTH. Super art by Wayne Howard. BLOOD THIRST was equally good. The SKIN-EATERS ranks next. I didn't think much of the story, but the art by Ralph Reese was great! DEAD LETTER comes next. ISLAND OF THE WALKING DEAD had a good plot, but improve your art, Norman. Lastly, with possibly the worst story and art I've ever seen comes THE GAME THAT PLAYS YOU. Disgusting art! Throw that Berni Wrightson out! The best story in WEB #2 was MAN-PLANT FROM THE TOMB. MOTHER TOAD would have been a first-rate story, except for the terrible art by Wrightson. Throw Berni Wrightson out! SEA OF GRAVES had a great story but throw out Mike Kaluta! BREATHLESS was a terrible story with even worse art. Get rid of that Berni Wrightson!

Robert T.
Winnipeg, Manitoba

IMPORTANT CONTEST ANNOUNCEMENT

The contest centerfold in this issue is the *last*, so hurry and send it in! In the next issue (WEB #4) we will begin running the *Honorable Mention* winners. As soon as we have received all entries from this final centerfold, we will announce (and publish) the *Winner*, selected from all three centerfolds. The prize—a one-page story assignment at our standard professional rate. The contest winner's *Award Story* will be published in WEB of HORROR on its completion.



art & script: **SYD SHORES**

WHAT A HORRIBLE TRAGEDY! I DIDN'T KNOW ANY ONE OF THOSE PEOPLE... DID-DID YOU HAVE ANY CLOSE FRIENDS ABOARD?
NO ONE! I FEAR I HAVE OUTLIVED ALL MY FRIENDS! I AM CONTENT TO LIVE FOR MYSELF, FOR GOOD FOOD AND DRINK, AND GOOD CONVERSATION! IT IS ENOUGH FOR ME!

WE MUST BE ON SOME PACIFIC ISLAND! MAYBE WE'RE MAROONED FOREVER! MAYBE...
OH, DON'T WORRY! WE'LL BE PICKED UP! THE PLANE ITSELF IS OUR DISTRESS SIGNAL! BUT IT MAY TAKE SOME TIME, SINCE WE WERE BLOWN OFF COURSE!

THIS SURE IS A WEIRD-LOOKING DUMP! I GUESS WE SHOULD LOOK AROUND AND SEE IF WE CAN FIND SOMETHING TO EAT...

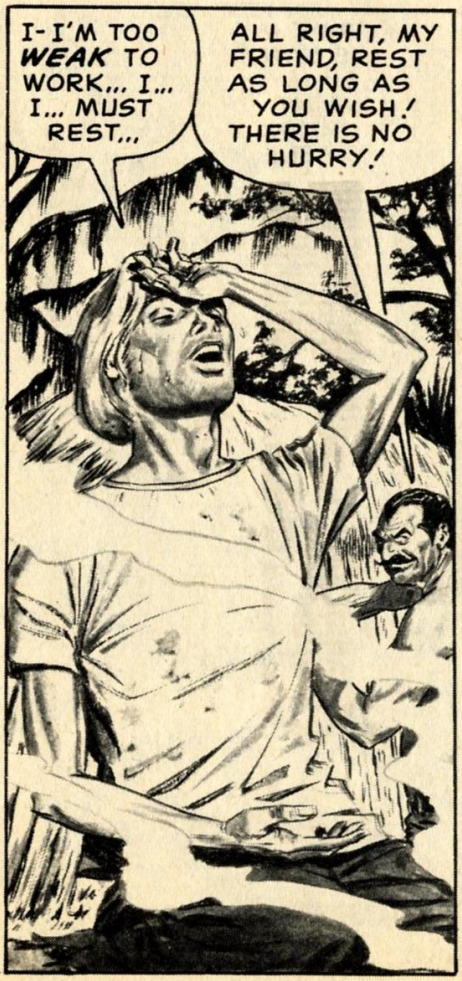
I'M GETTING HUNGRY! I HAVEN'T NOTICED ANY BIRDS OR GAME! WE HAVEN'T GOT ANY WEAPONS! WE...
DO NOT WORRY, MY FRIEND! WE SHALL EAT! I AM QUITE AN EXPERIENCED HUNTER! I COME FROM A LONG LINE OF HUNTERS! WE SHALL EAT!

THIS HEAT IS KILLING ME! IT SURE IS SPOOKY AROUND HERE! LOOK! BATS!
YES, I SEE THEM! THEY ARE A WELCOME SIGHT, FOR IT PROVES THAT THERE MUST BE SOME GAME AROUND! THEY MUST HAVE FOOD, TOO, YOU KNOW!
WE'VE WALKED FOR HOURS ALREADY! I... I CAN'T GO ON...
ALL RIGHT, MY FRIEND, YOU REST HERE! I WILL FIND THE FOOD YOU NEED! I WILL BE BACK SOON!
I GUESS, IN A WAY, I'M LUCKY TO BE STRANDED WITH A GUY LIKE HIM... HE SEEMS TO KNOW WHAT HE'S DOING!
A SHORT TIME LATER...
YOU SEE? I AM STILL A GOOD HUNTER, EH? NOW ALL THAT IS NEEDED IS A FIRE!
WOW! I'LL BUILD THE FIRE AND COOK THE BIRD! I GUESS I CAN DO THAT MUCH!

IT'S ALMOST DONE, AND I'M NOT GOING TO BE TOO PARTICULAR ABOUT HOW IT TASTES!
HERE! TASTES PRETTY GOOD FOR A FIRST TRY...
EAT ALL YOU WISH, MY FRIEND! I AM NOT HUNGRY YET!
STRANGE... HE'S A BIG MAN... HE OUGHT TO HAVE A BIG APPETITE! BUT MAYBE HE ATE ON THE PLANE...

WE SHOULD TRY AND GET TO HIGH GROUND! WE CAN BUILD A BONFIRE FOR A BEACON IN CASE SOMEBODY FLIES OVER AT NIGHT!
IT WILL TAKE SOME TIME TO REACH THE TOP OF THAT MOUNTAIN! BUT, LET'S GO! WE MAY EVEN BE ABLE TO SPOT CIVILIZATION FROM THE TOP!
TWO DAYS LATER...
YOU SURE ARE A GREAT HUNTER! FOOD HASN'T BEEN A PROBLEM FOR US, THANKS TO YOU! BUT WHY AREN'T YOU EATING?
OH, I PREFER TO TAKE MY MEALS AT NIGHT! MY NEEDS ARE SMALL!

THE DAYS PASS SLOWLY AS THE TWO MEN WAIT FOR HELP TO COME...



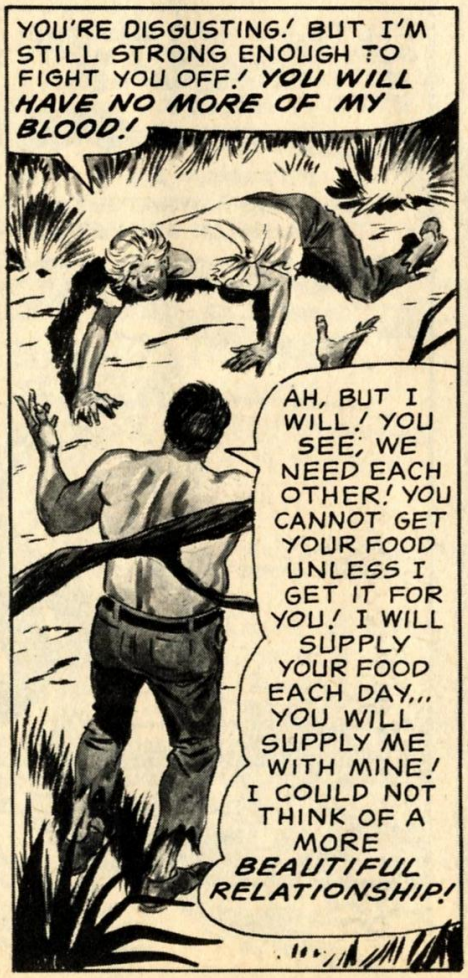
NIGHT FALLS AND BRINGS A TROUBLED RESTLESS SLEEP... UNTIL...

NO, I... I... I THINK I'M GOING TO DIE I...
YOU ARE NOT GOING TO DIE, YOU WEAKLING! YOU MUST NOT! IF YOU DIE, I DIE!

WHA... WHAT DID HE MEAN BY THAT? HE'S STILL STRONG AND ROBUST, AND... I... THESE MARKS...
YOU... YOU'RE A VAMPIRE!

A VAMPIRE! YOU'VE BEEN SUCKING MY BLOOD WHILE I SLEEP! THAT'S BEEN YOUR FOOD ALL THIS TIME! THAT'S WHY I'VE BEEN SO WEAK! YOU'VE BEEN FEEDIN' ON ME LIKE A PARASITE! GO TURN YOURSELF INTO A BAT OR SOMETHING AND FLY AWAY... LEAVE ME ALONE!

HA! I CANNOT TURN MYSELF INTO A BAT... UGLY LITTLE CREATURES... NOR DO I SLEEP IN A COFFIN... NOR DOES DAYLIGHT KILL ME, AS YOU HAVE SEEN! MERE SUPERSTITION, MY FRIEND!


YOU'RE DISGUSTING! BUT I'M STILL STRONG ENOUGH TO FIGHT YOU OFF! YOU WILL HAVE NO MORE OF MY BLOOD!
AH, BUT I WILL! YOU SEE, WE NEED EACH OTHER! YOU CANNOT GET YOUR FOOD UNLESS I GET IT FOR YOU! I WILL SUPPLY YOUR FOOD EACH DAY... YOU WILL SUPPLY ME WITH MINE! I COULD NOT THINK OF A MORE BEAUTIFUL RELATIONSHIP!

AND NOW I MUST FEED... THE HOUR IS LATE AND I MUST NOURISH MY BODY SO THAT I CAN HUNT YOUR FOOD IN THE MORNING! RELAX MY FRIEND - SLEEP...
OH... OH...

DAYS PASS, AND *LIFE*, AFTER ALL, MUST GO ON...

I MUST ENDEAVOR TO FEED YOU WITH A BETTER QUALITY FOOD.! IT SEEMS YOUR BLOOD IS GETTING A BIT TOO THIN.!

I'M NOTHING BUT A DOMESTIC ANIMAL, LIKE A COW OR CHICKEN.! BUT I HAVE NO CHOICE! WITHOUT HIM, I'D... *WHAT'S THAT?*

A PLANE.! I'M SAVED AT LAST.! I DON'T NEED HIM ANY MORE.!

DIE, YOU *FOUL PARASITE!* NOW *NO ONE* WILL KNOW WHAT HAPPENED HERE.! THE *NIGHTMARE* IS *OVER*, AND CAN LIVE A *NORMAL LIFE AGAIN.!*

AHGG!!

I'LL TELL THEM I WAS THE ONLY *SURVIVOR!* I MUSTN'T LET THEM SEE MY NECK UNTIL IT *HEALS...*

BUT WHY AM I TREMBLING? WHAT'S THAT TINGLING IN MY *VEINS?!?*

HELLO.! HELLO MY FRIENDS.!

JUST EXCITED, I GUESS! HOW GOOD IT IS TO SEE MEN AGAIN.! THEY LOOK SO-- *HEALTHY* AND *WELL-FED.!* IT'LL BE GOOD TO GET BACK CIVILIZATION.!

GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER?

END

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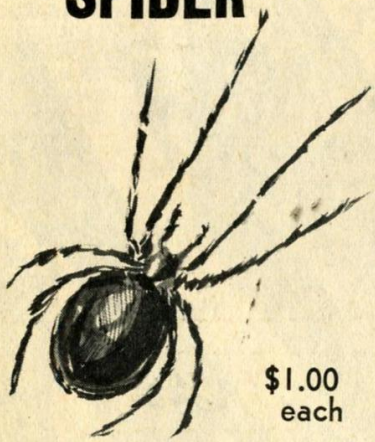

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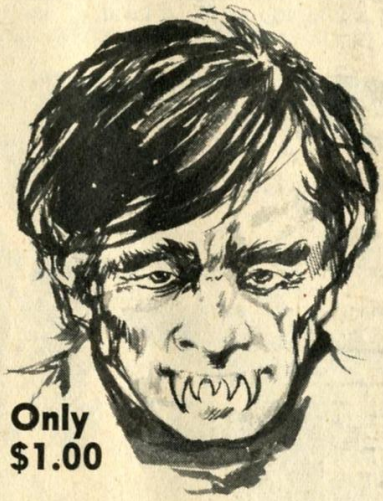

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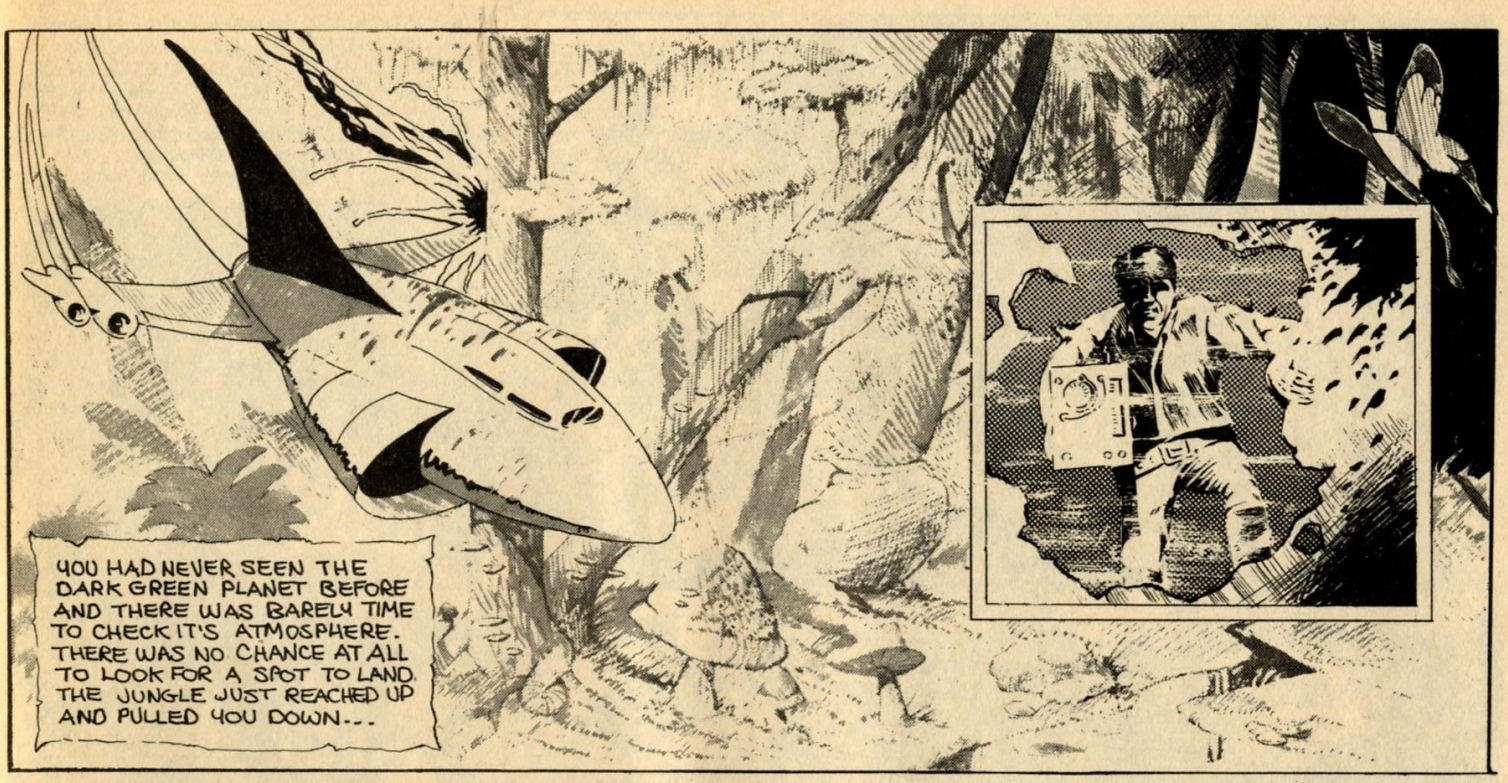
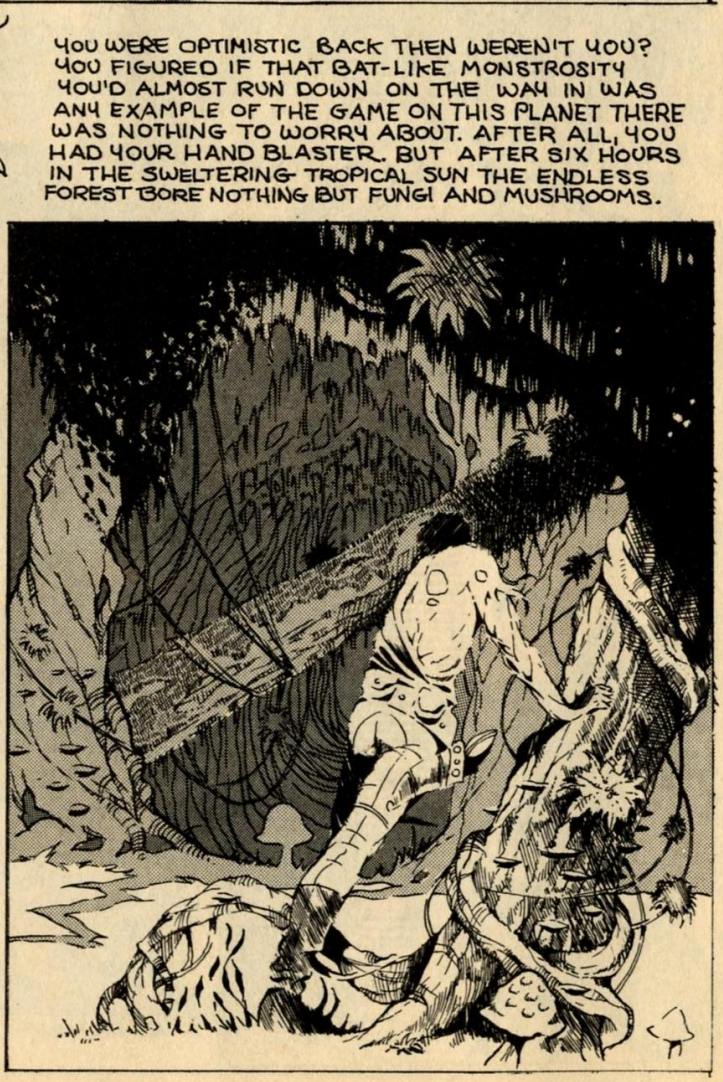
art & script: **BRUCE JONES**


YOU HAD NEVER SEEN THE DARK GREEN PLANET BEFORE AND THERE WAS BARELY TIME TO CHECK IT'S ATMOSPHERE. THERE WAS NO CHANCE AT ALL TO LOOK FOR A SPOT TO LAND. THE JUNGLE JUST REACHED UP AND PULLED YOU DOWN...

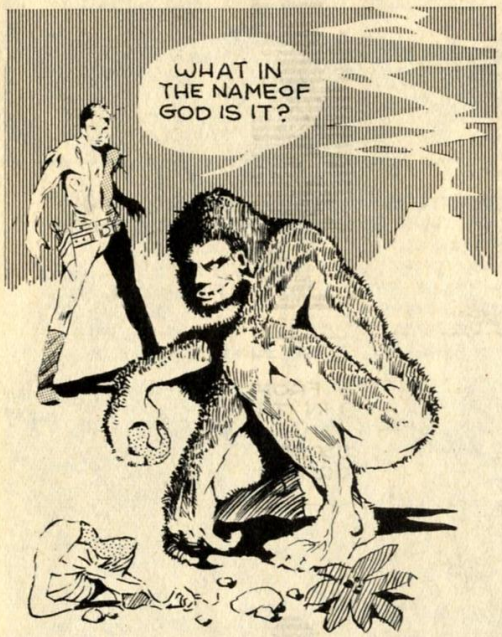
THE SHIP STRUCK AND BOUNCED, SKIPPED AND BOUNCED AGAIN THEN LAY STILL AND BROKEN IN A CRADLE OF CREEPERS AND VINES. YOU GRABBED UP THE RADIO, LEAPED THROUGH A GAPING HOLE AND RAN WHILE THE SHIP TORE ITSELF APART BEHIND YOU...


YOU WERE OPTIMISTIC BACK THEN WEREN'T YOU? YOU FIGURED IF THAT BAT-LIKE MONSTROSITY YOU'D ALMOST RUN DOWN ON THE WAY IN WAS ANY EXAMPLE OF THE GAME ON THIS PLANET THERE WAS NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT. AFTER ALL, YOU HAD YOUR HAND BLASTER. BUT AFTER SIX HOURS IN THE SWELTERING TROPICAL SUN THE ENDLESS FOREST BORE NOTHING BUT FUNGI AND MUSHROOMS.

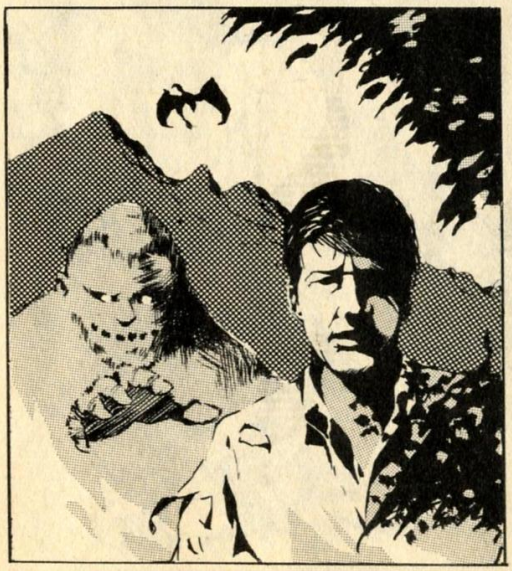
I'LL SET THE TRANSMITTER ON THE S.O.S. BAND... STILL, IT MIGHT BE DAYS BEFORE THEY FIND ME.

AH WELL- I SUPPOSE THERE'S NOTHING FOR IT BUT TO DIG UP SOME DINNER 'TILL THEN...

EXHAUSTION AND HUNGER WERE HAVING THEIR EFFECTS ON YOU WHEN YOU STUMBLED INTO THE SMALL CLEARING AND FOUND THE FIRST OF THE THINGS. IT SAT ON IT'S HAUNCHES AMID THE JUNGLE GLOOM MUNCHING ONE OF THE FOUL SMELLING MUSHROOMS...


WHAT IN THE NAME OF GOD IS IT?

MORE OF THEM OVER THERE! LORD, THAT LOATHSOME FUNGUS-LIKE GROWTH ON THEIR BODIES! HOW HIDEOUS!



GET AWAY FROM ME YOU FILTHY BRUTE! OH LORD, IT WON'T FIRE! THE CRASH..!
A HAND COVERS YOUR SHOULDER AND YOU WHIRL ABOUT TO FACE LEERING EYES AND GRINNING, DRIPPING TEETH YOUR WEAPON IS IN YOUR HAND BEFORE YOU REALIZE IT AND YOU SQUEEZE AGAIN AND AGAIN

LEMME OUTTA HERE!

SO YOU RAN - RAN AS YOU HADEN'T RUN SINCE YOU WERE A CHILD, FLEEING THE UNKNOWN TERRORS OF DARKNESS. AND WHEN THE CREATURES WERE FAR BEHIND YOU AND YOUR TORTURED LEGS REFUSED TO CARRY YOU FARTHER YOU COLLAPSED UPON THE FUNGOID EARTH AND RESIGNED YOURSELF TO YOUR FATE...

I'LL DIE ON THIS STINKING PILE OF MOLD! THERE'S NOTHING TO EAT! NOTHING BUT.. BUT...

...MUSHROOMS!

WHAT HAVE I GOT TO LOSE? SAY! THIS ISN'T HALF BAD!

IN FACT (MUNCH) IT'S GREAT! REALLY (MUNCH) (MUNCH) DELICIOUS! BEST DARN STUFF I EVER (MUNCH) ATE!

THEN, STOMACH FULL, HEAD NODDING IN THE WARM SUN, YOU FELL ACROSS THE SOFT TURF AND SLEPT THE SLEEP OF THE DEAD...

AWAKENING WAS LIKE MOVING FROM DREAM TO DREAM.. FOR THERE, BATHED IN THE FIERY GLOW OF THE SETTING SUN, WERE THE TWO BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMEN AND THE HANDSOME YOUNG MAN WAITING, PATIENTLY IT SEEMED, FOR YOU TO JOIN THEM..

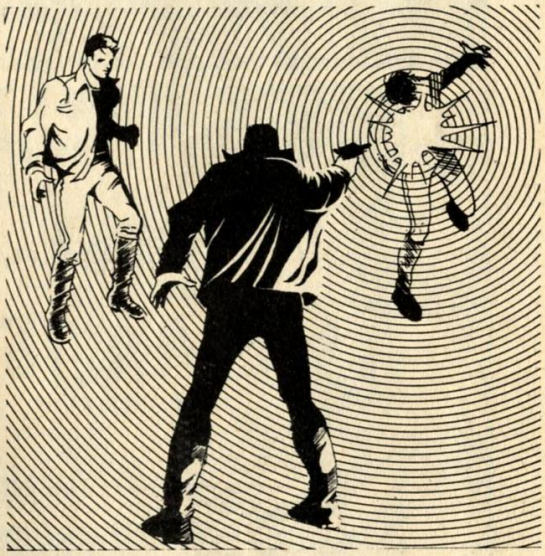
WHO..WHO ARE YOU? WHERE DO YOU COME FROM?
OF COURSE..YOU WOULDN'T SPEAK ENGLISH. TOO BAD. 'CAUSE IF YOU DID I'D TELL YOU HOW LOVELY-- WHAT IS IT?
THIS CAN'T BE REAL. THAT CITY, THESE PEOPLE... I MUST BE LOSING MY MIND. THOSE MUSHROOMS.. I ..I'M HALLUCINATING...

THE GLEAMING SILVER SPACE CRAFT SHOT ACROSS THE ALIEN SKY ABOVE YOU, FLAME SPITTING FROM IT'S POWER THRUSTERS. YOU SHOOK YOUR HEAD IN DISBELIEF. THEY COULDN'T HAVE FOUND YOU ALREADY...

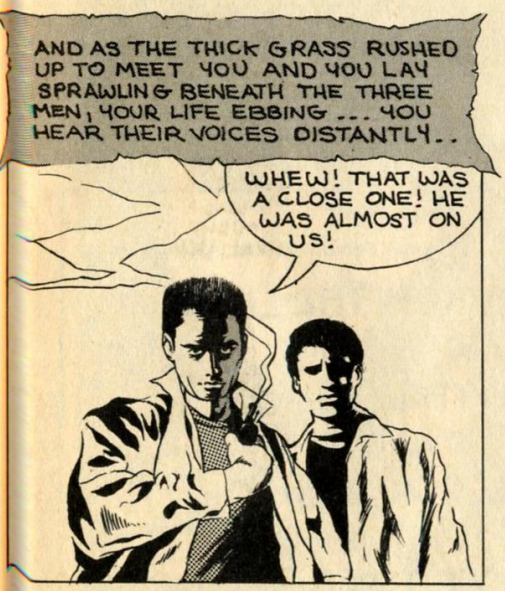
YOU SQUINTED AT THE GLISTENING ALLOY HULL AS IT FLASHED PAST, AT THE LETTERS UFP ON IT'S DECK FIN. IT HAD TO BE REAL! NO HALLUCINATION COULD BE SO PERFECT.

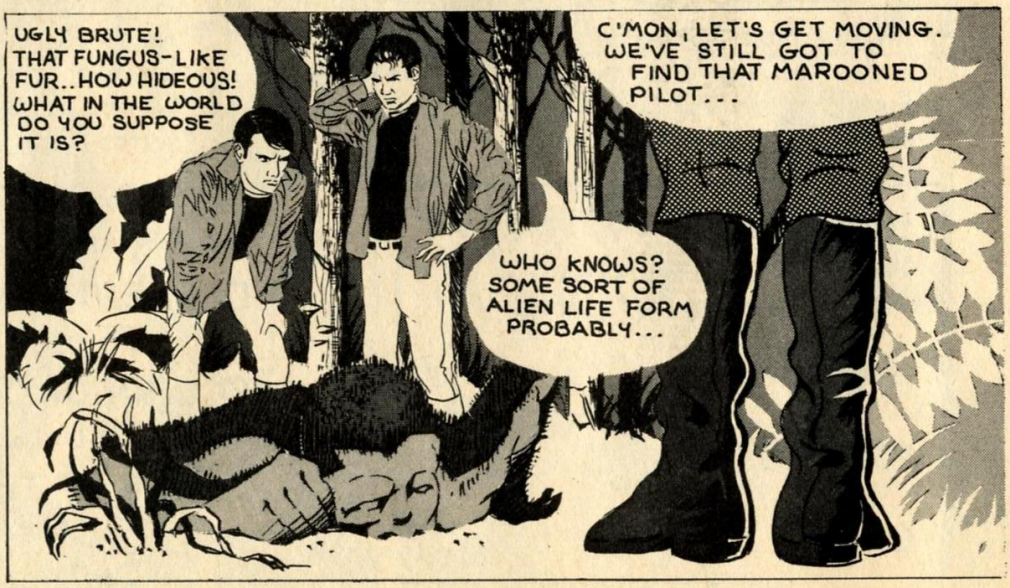
ACROSS THE VALLEY THE SHINING METAL GIANT THUNDERED TO A LANDING. THREE MEN DROPPED TO THE TANGLE OF DENSE FOLIAGE. ECSTATIC YOU RACED TO MEET THEM, PRAYING THEY WOULDN'T VANISH...

YOU BURST THROUGH THE UNDERBRUSH UPON YOUR UNSUSPECTING RESCUERS. YOU WATCHED THEIR FACES TURN FROM SURPRISE, TO SHOCK, TO HORROR--

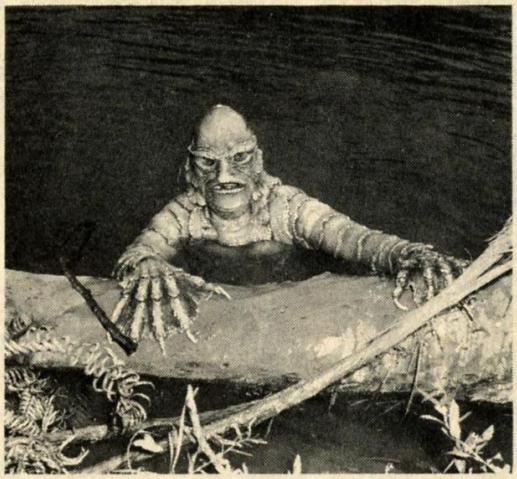


AND AS THE THICK GRASS RUSHED UP TO MEET YOU AND YOU LAY SPRAWLING BENEATH THE THREE MEN, YOUR LIFE EBBING ... YOU HEAR THEIR VOICES DISTANTLY..





CREATURE FROM THE LAGOON



In the heat-infested Amazon jungles, a living creature from 150 million years ago attacks a party of archeologists in the heart of the green hell country. Savage!

CROCODILE THRILLS

One man with just a knife fights for his life. From the Everglades of Florida to the Burmese jungles, men of courage battle vicious alligators and dangerous crocodiles. High tension!

WAR OF THE PLANETS

Mighty men from a strange planet kidnap a famous scientist to help the unearthly Furies of an out-law planet. A climax of exploding missiles and bombs.

THE MUMMY'S TOMB

A horrendous tale of a living mummy, thousands of years old, who seeks revenge. Step-by-step, the mummy wields destruction on all who are cursed by their entrance into his terror-filled tomb.

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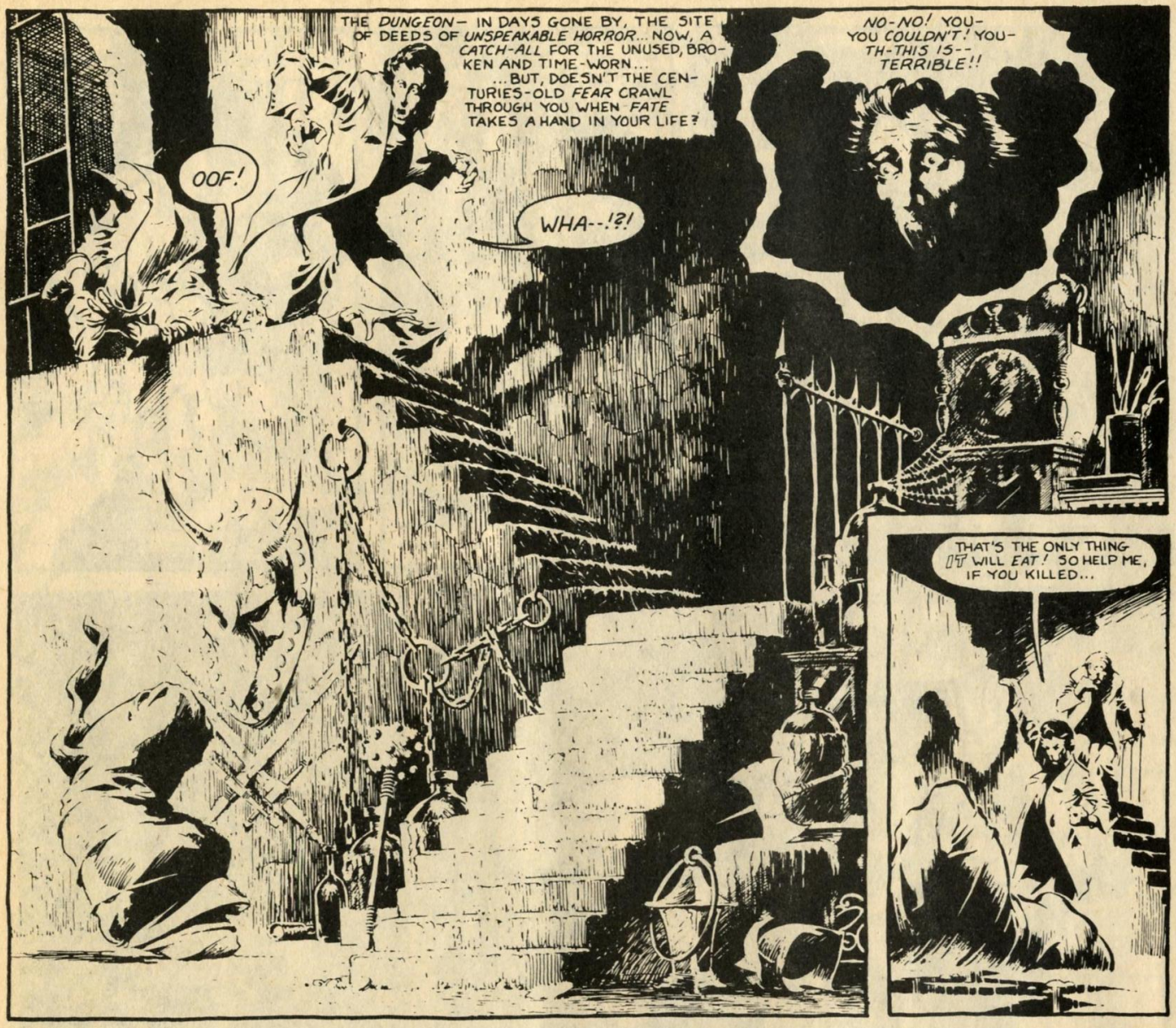
Each 8MM film costs $6.75 plus 25c for handling.

art: **BERNI WRIGHTSON** script: **MIKE FRIEDRICH**

I WAS THE ONE WHO FOUND IT--AND LURED IT UP FROM THE FEN--AND I HAD THE INTELLIGENCE TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO USE THE VILLAGE TO TAKE CARE OF IT--CHEAP!!
SO WHEN I SAY "FEED IT", I MEAN "FEED IT"!
BUT-BUT I GET THE SHIVERS JUST LOOKIN' AT THIS HORRIBLE PLACE-IT'S SO DARK--AND-AND GLOOMY, AND...
STOP YOUR CRYING! IT NEEDS DAMPNESS AND DARK AS WELL AS FOOD! AND WE MUST KEEP IT ALIVE!
BUT-BUT...
SHUT UP! THE AMERICAN CIRCUS PROMOTER WILL PAY ME WELL FOR IT! I WILL NOT PASS THAT UP FOR YOUR WEAK STOMACH!
NOW, MOVE, YOU FAT SNAIL!
AH, POOR JOSEF--HOW TERRIBLE TO BE SADDLED WITH SUCH AN INCOMPETENT ON THE EVE OF YOUR GREATEST OPPURTUNITY! BUT, DOESN'T THE STALE AIR SHIVER YOUR SNEERING NOSTRILS?
DOESN'T THE DUST SEEM TO TINGLE WITH WARNING? DON'T YOU FEEL YOUR SKIN GRATE AS THE DUNGEON DOOR CREAKS OPEN?


THE DUNGEON— IN DAYS GONE BY, THE SITE OF DEEDS OF UNSPEAKABLE HORROR... NOW, A CATCH-ALL FOR THE UNUSED, BROKEN AND TIME-WORN...
...BUT, DOESN'T THE CENTURIES-OLD FEAR CRAWL THROUGH YOU WHEN FATE TAKES A HAND IN YOUR LIFE?
OOF!
WHA--!?!
NO-NO! YOU-YOU COULDN'T! YOU-TH-THIS IS--TERRIBLE!!
THAT'S THE ONLY THING IT WILL EAT! SO HELP ME, IF YOU KILLED...
DON'T YOU FEEL DESTINY WORKING AGAINST YOU WHEN YOU RIP OPEN YOUR PRECIOUS SACK AND DISCOVER...
DEAD!--YOU DEGENERATE FOOL! YOU'VE REALLY DONE IT NOW!!
BUT-BUT, IT WAS HEAVY--AND THE FLOOR WAS WET--I-I SLIPPED!
BUT, IT HAD BEEN ALIVE! IT NEEDS A LIVE BODY TO EAT!
THERE IS ONLY ONE CHANCE--YOU!!
BUT-BUT--WE CAN GO GET ANOTHER ONE!!

BECAUSE OF YOU, WE WON'T BE ABLE TO GO NEAR THE VILLAGE FOR WEEKS!!
BUT, NO MATTER... I'LL STILL FEED ON!
I'VE GOT YOU DOWN...
...AND NOW, I ATTACK!!
NO! NO! NO!!
...AND DISABLE...
...GAR!! ...MY LEG...
...AND THUS, THE MEAL IS MADE READY...
MY LEG SOB SOB!

COME ON, NOW--RESISTANCE IS USELESS!
NO-NO-NO-NO-NO-NO-NO-
YOU BROUGHT IT ON YOURSELF... YOUR FATE IS DESERVEDLY SEALED!
YOU FAT PAIL OF GREASE! I CAN BARELY SQUEEZE YOU THROUGH!
NO-NO-NO
HA-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA-- YOU WILL FEED IT--HA-HA-HA-
NO-NO-NO-AHHHHH!!
...EVEN IN DEATH THE FAT FOOL CAUSES PROBLEMS-- NOW I'VE GOT TO DISPOSE OF THAT OTHER BODY...
...AHHHHH--SLIPPED!!
MY BACK- OH NO- IT'S--I'M PARALYZED!! MY LEGS-- I CAN'T MOVE THEM!
I'LL USE MY HANDS--CRAWL OUT OF HERE AND... OH, LORD, NO! THE DOOR... WHEN I FELL ...LOCKED IT... IT... JAMMED SHUT... NO! NO!!
...AND THE KEY... IN THERE WITH THAT BUMBLING MORON!

AH, POOR JOSEF -- YOUR BIG PLANS HAVE *BACK-FIRED!* ALL OF YOUR SAFETY PRECAUTIONS HAVE *FAILED!* YOUR MAN-EATING 'DISCOVERY' IS *ES-CAPING!* ONLY THE BULGE OF ITS LATEST MEAL KEEPS ITS HUGE, GAPING JAWS FROM YOUR HELP-LESS, PARALYZED BODY...
...BUT, LIKE ITS SMALLER COUNTER-PARTS, THE FOOD MUST BE DIGESTED SLOWLY! SO YOU MUST WAIT...
WHY? *WHY* DID THIS HAPPEN?
...WAIT WITH SPEECHLESS HORROR, COUNTING THE MINUTES, THE HOURS...
WHAT DID I *SLIP* ON?
...*WAIT!*... HOPING FOR THE MERCIFUL ARRIVAL OF *DEATH*, BEFORE THE TIME COMES AGAIN TO *FEED IT!*
NO!!
AH, YES, JOSEF... YOU HAD *FORGOTTEN!* WHEN PEOPLE DIE--EVEN INCOMPETENT ASSISTANTS--THEY *BLEED!*
THE END

VENUS FLY TRAP THIS PLANT ACTUALLY EATS BITS OF MEAT, FLIES AND INSECTS!

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108 South Franklin Avenue, Valley Stream, N.Y.11580

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FRONT VIEW

SIDE VIEW

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